

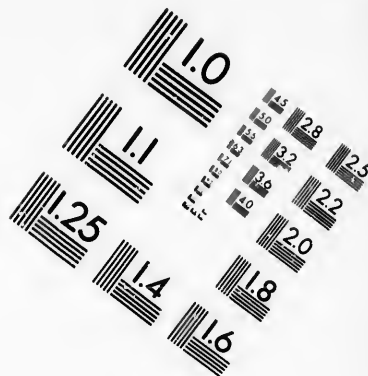
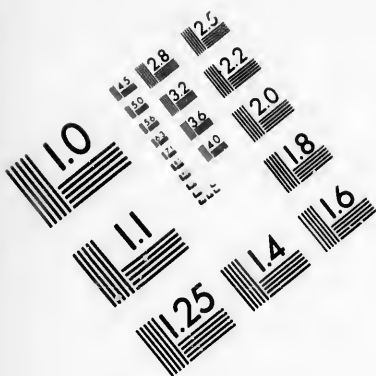
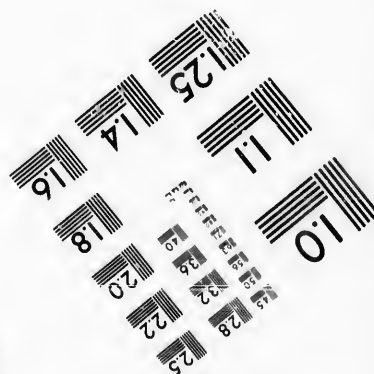
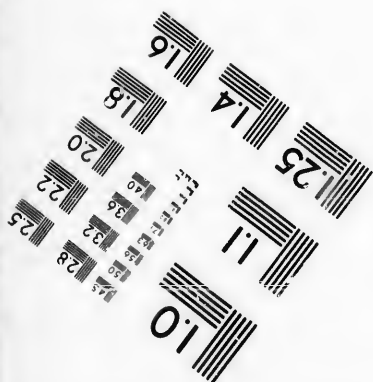
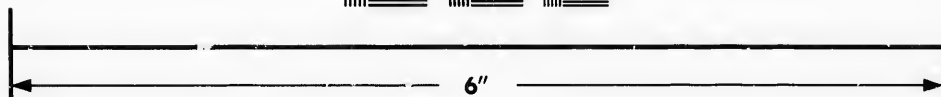
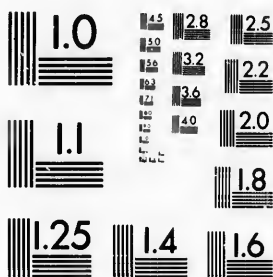


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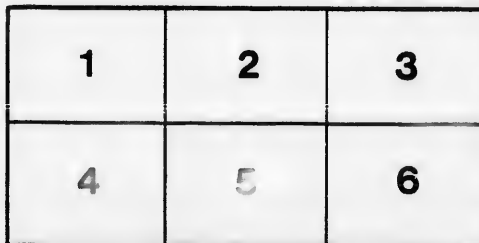
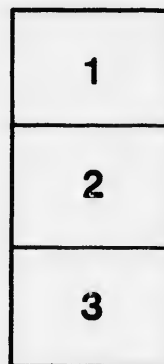
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Newfoundland Months, —

A POEM.

Newfoundland's National Anthem, Seal Fishery —

2ND. EDITION, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

W. Swansborough.

819.
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Newfoundland Months.

A POEM.

2040



NEWFOUNDLAND'S NATIONAL ANTHEM,
SEAL FISHERY, (2nd edition.)

DEDICATED TO
THE SOCIETY OF UNITED FISHERMEN,

BY

W. SWANSBOROUGH.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

G. S. MILLIGAN, JR.,
PRINTER, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

INTRODUCTION.

My dear reader, when I think of the ably written books about Newfoundland, notably the voluminous and well received one by his Honor Judge Prowse which I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing, I almost fear to place the humble productions of my pen in the hands of the public.

Several of my friends here and in the Old Country have often expressed a desire to have copies of this and that piece of my poetry.

It will have the rare distinction of being written without having to quote from the able works of previous authors. I have had to draw from memory and the close observation of the climate, habits, customs and avocations of the "Bone and Sinew" of this "Newfoundland of Ours," during a residence of 47 years, the greater part of which has been spent in the out-harbors and will show you how my spare hours have been spent in the long winter nights, after the trials and toils of teaching as a Poor Pedagogue; and other labours about land, to help to support my family on a small stipend.

Hoping it will be read with interest by some of the "Old Stagers" and some of the rising generation of my adopted country, especially many of those who have come under my tuition; I have ventured to publish a selection of my poetry.

As Newfoundland has the distinction of having a greater proportion of her population than any other country who belong to some Christian Church, I hope I may be pardoned for adding a few sacred pieces at the end of my humble work.

Topsail, Aug. 1st, 1896.

W. S.

JANUARY.

January, we welcome thee,
 For at thy coming all are free ;
 On thy first day a feast we keep,
 And love through thy long nights to sleep.
 We look to have good woodpaths now,
 And frozen lakes, and roads o'er snow ;
 Now wood cats and nice painted sleighs
 Travel the main roads and bye-ways.
 The poor man loves his fire of logs,
 Some hauled by horses, some by dogs.
 The Fishermen and Farmers, too,
 Have at this season much to do :
 The one gets wood for boats and flake,
 The other wood new fence to make ;
 Another man gets wood to sell,
 Another making hoops, does well ;
 And if the cold is now severe
 We have a healthy atmosphere.

FEBRUARY.

February is cold and rough,
 Sometimes sleigh paths are good enough ;
 When so, our city folks drive out
 For health, and to see friends about.
 Our Winter is so long, that we
 Get weary of its scenery.
 But hope is active, all now chat
 Of sealing fleets, and seals, and " fat."
 The money got for oil and skins
 Returns in clothes and other things ;
 For food and clothes and wares must be
 Imported to the colony
 From the United Kingdom or
 From other nations, near or far.
 We just begin to make things here—
 Stoves, leather, homespun, bread and beer.
 Ship building is a native art,
 We've timber suited to each part ;
 Why import ships I cannot tell,
 Which we can build at home so well.

MARCH.

March comes—a busy season here—
 Our sealing fleet sets sail each year
 Upon the first, steamships too, go
 Each with two hundred men or so ;
 They labour hard through cold and wet,
 But in a week their trip may get.
 When they come in and seals have sold
 Some men have forty pounds in gold.*
 Sometimes the ships are tempest tossed,
 And sometimes men and ships are lost ;
 The frost is sometimes so severe
 That men get bitten, foot and ear.
 And blinding snow-storms sometimes come,
 We fear to venture far from home.
 Some years this month may milder be
 Than April or February.
 If snow paths to the woods hold on
 Men find there's something to be done.
 A sudden thaw will come some day
 And take the snow path all away.
 And now the sun has “crossed the line”
 We sometimes get some warm sunshine.

* This was the case when only sailing vessels prosecuted the seal fishery, when the poem was written.

APRIL.

April is come—'tis winter still—
 Some days are warm, and others chill ;
 Good trips of seals come in each week,
 The ships now out in vain will seek
 To get good trips ; their spring is lost,
 They may just pay the outfit cost.
 Now coasting craft begin to ply,
 As some out-ports need food supply.
 Our Legislature should grant more
 To open roads from shore to shore.
 Good tracks of land, back from the sea.
 More free from stones we often see.
 The sun now melts some snow away,
 Deep drifts still block each road and way.
 Now men are paid the roads to clear,
 Huge icebergs off our coast appear,
 Spring goods from foreign ports arrive,
 Good trips of seals make trade to thrive,
 Now carts and carriages may run,
 And lambs and babes enjoy the sun.

MAY.

May comes, some snow may yet be seen
About fences, and hills between ;
Easterly winds, which glitter brings,
And silver trees, and other things.
Some years May opens very fine,
And cheers us with its warm sunshine.
Fencing goes on, stage building too,
Each season brings us work to do.
Potato planting now goes on,
And other farming work's begun ;
The hunt for seals is over now,
And men return to fish and plough.
When much farming has to be done,
The fishery is late begun.
The man who went sealing in spring,
And made little or nothing,
Must in debt to the merchant go
For food and fishing gear also,
Then all these goods are charged so high,
He scarce can pay it by and by ;
But if he's wise he'll careful be,
To keep from debt and poverty.
The fishing servants are shipped now,
God prospers them, and speed the plough.

JUNE.

June, thou art pleasant, for in thee
The vernal sun decks grass and tree ;
The buds which only showed in May
Now puts forth leaves and blossoms gay ;
That little fish the caplin lands
To leave its spawn among the sands ;
But selfish man, so prone to waste,
Along the beach with net does haste,
And heap by heap these fish does lay,
Till farmers haul them all away.
Each family some barrels cure,
And of the rest they make manure.
Farmers sow oats and turnips now,
And heal potatoes with the plough.
Some thousands go to Labrador,
To fish along that barren shore,
Here shoals of cod pursue the bait,
And seines and hooks their coming wait.
Men who in winter slept all night,
Now rise to fish before 'tis light.
Our crops are growing, good-bye June !
For thee we'll sing some grateful tune,

JULY.

July is hot, and crops grow fast,
Some hay is made about the last.
Now fish is scarce about our shore,
We wish for news from Labrador ;
Fish may upon the bottom lie,
But won't eat bait, in vain we try ;
They're glutted, that is fat with bait,
Till they will eat our men must wait
Or look for bait that they will eat,
They're dainty, and would like a treat.
The fish called "squid," its visit pays,
And hundreds may be jigged some days.
With these as bait much is caught,
If men are active as they ought.
The summer heat makes labour hard,
But for its blessings, praise the Lord.

AUGUST.

Now August comes we make our hay,
And merchant's send new fish away.
Now picnic parties may be seen,
Seeking the shade and meadows green.
'Tis pleasant out in boat to go,
On the calm sea to have a row.
Bathing is good, and pleasant now,
And swimming for those who know how.
Now treats for Sunday-schools we give,
And folks go out of town to live.
We scarce can stand the mid-day heat,
But gentle zephyrs gladly greet.
Now whortle-berries may be found,
And raspberries also abound ;
By selling these and garden fruit
Children are clothed from head to foot ;
Something may now be saved with care,
For winter food, or winter wear.

SEPTEMBER.

September is a pleasant time,
 The pleasantest in this cold clime ;
 The extreme heat of summer's gone,
 And the long winter's coming on ;
 His herald comes in wind and storm,
 Doing the fishermen much harm ;
 These gales oft sink, or drive away
 The boats, and make stages their prey,
 And produce of their latest toil,
 Their late caught fish, herring and oil.
 With herring bait some fish is caught,
 And some from Labrador is brought.
 The time for shooting game is come,
 We take our guns, and look for some.
 Snipe, partridges, and rabbits fall,
 The deer too feels the piercing ball ;
 Here rich and poor may take their gun,
 And have the profit or the fun.

OCTOBER.

October comes with calm and storm,
With some days cold and others warm ;
Sometimes before the month is past
Some frost is seen, but does not last.
About the first we do begin,
To dig and get potatoes in.
Cabbage and turnips we must draw,
And place them safe from frost and thaw.
The barren hills and marsh produce
Wild fruit, which we preserve for use.
'Tis stormy for our fishermen
To come from Labrador again.
The summer servants get their pay,
Their time is up on the last day.

NOVEMBER.

November ushers winter in,
 Which those will find who dress too thin.
 The fishery must now be o'er,
 About our eastern bays and shore.
 North-east and other gales now blow
 Too strong for men to sail or row.
 Courageous and industrious men
 Will fish, and haul nets now and then.
 Now boats and sails and nets and oars,
 Are stowed away ; stages and shores,
 All must be placed safe from the sea,
 Ready for next year's fishery.
 Now frost and snow we look to get,
 Though we may get but little yet.
 Those who catch fish, and have farms too,
 Can always find something to do.
 'Tis sad how much time most men lose,
 When land could be cleared, if they choose.
 Much of our out-port poverty,
 Is caused by want of industry.
 But those who till their land, and live
 In fear of God, shall food receive.

DECEMBER.

December comes when days are short,
To do much work we must be smart.
Sometimes the lakes are frozen o'er,
When horses haul trees to our door.
With saw or axe we cut some logs,
And put them on our iron-dogs.
And sit around the cheerful fire,
This is what out-port folks desire.
In towns the poor can scarce buy wood,
To these the rich ought to be good.
At this season our charity
Extends to those in poverty.
Each congregation or each creed,
Provides some gifts for those who need.
The birth of Christ, the God of love,
Was told by angels from above,
And if we live as He tells us
We'll spend a right, happy Christmas ;
Then when we cash our year's account,
We find our sins less in amount.

NEWFOUNDLAND NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God bless this sea girt Isle,
May peace and plenty smile
 Upon this land ;
The honest fisher bless,
To sealers give success,
And when they're in distress,
 Bring safe to land.

The farmer and his stock,
The builder in his dock,
 Bless all that's theirs ;
Give merchants honest gain,
May Portugal and Spain,
And other ports remain,
 Good customers.

The governor preserve,
Judges and all who serve,
 To keep the peace ;
Pastors and teachers bless,
Grant their efforts success,
Learning and Godliness,
 O Lord increase.

ATLANTIC CABLE SONG.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the cable's laid,
 To God we give the praise ;
 Long live the Queen and President
 In peaceful, happy days.

CHORUS :—Then success to the cable scheme
 * And may they find the other ;
 May John and Jonathan long live
 As brother should with brother.

Loud ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And tell it in all places,
 And we will keep a holiday
 With joy and merry faces.

We'll sing the praise of all the men
 Who planned, made and laid it ;
 And may it long both work and pay
 To commerce consecrated.

And here we view the monster ship
 Which thousands longed to see ;
 O, could our buried fathers rise,
 How startled they would be !

From North and South, from East and West,
 They come to see the ship ;
 And rich and poor, and young and old,
 Enjoy the summer trip.

O, Terra Nova, bless the day !
 Thy isolations o'er ;
 To all the Western world thou'rt joined,
 And to Great Britain's shore.

Carbonear, August 1st, 1866.

*When this was being written the *G. Eastern* had gone out to fish up the cable lost the year before.

LINES ON TOPSAIL.

Topsail, sweet, beautiful Topsail !
 Nestled among the trees,
 Dotted with such pretty houses,
 And fanned with the sea breeze.

Thy strand I never will forget,
 For bathing is so good ;
 Thy shady lanes, and meadows green,
 And railway through the wood.

There's Bowring's " Bay View Cottage,"
 A charming view is there ;
 And " Palairot Villa " where you
 Forget your city care.

Then " Sea View house," the new hotel,
 " Angia Cottage " near,
 And " Churchill's " near the seaside bank,
 " McDougall's " too is here.

Then " Allen's " shop and boarding house,
 " Octagon Cottage " near ;
 And boarding house by " R. Miller,"
 And neat cottage by " Gear."

Then " Seaside " owned by J. Butler,
 Some folks do patronize ;
 And " Carter's Cottage " on a hill,
 Looks out toward sun-rise.

" J. Miller " in the valley too
 Has new rooms to be let ;
 And " Mrs. Moye's " boarding house,
 And " Daly's " don't forget.

And up the hill by railway side,
 We, "Woodstock Cottage" view ;
 Where Father Morris does reside,
 He does his duty too.

Then west from where we first began,
 We, "Alma Cottage" find,
 Where Parson Colley does reside,
 His church, not far behind.

The "Hermitage" we overlooked,
 East from the church, quite near,
 Where divers city folk reside :
 In summer of each year.

The "Church of England Orphanage,"
 Well ordered I allow,
 And other houses I could name,
 Time won't permit me now.

Seaward a charming view
 Of Isles, and the North Shore !
 Where live a hardy race,
 Who fish at Labrador.

Then Topsail butter can compete
 With any made elsewhere ;
 And Topsail cream and fruit also,
 Is good I do declare.

And now the winter's coming on,
 Poetic fire is low ;
 The poet hides, till the spring sun
 Sets ideas aglow.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES
To St. John's.

The Prince is welcome here,
 Give him a British cheer,
 God save the Prince ;
 Welcome, Sir A.B. says, *
 Our cannon sound his praise,
 Our hills echo their lays,
 God save the Prince.

Nature in richest dress,
 Beauty and all the rest,
 Welcome the Prince ;
 May he old England's pride,
 Seek out one for his bride,
 Worthy to sit beside,
 Such a great prince.

God bless the Prince of Wales,
 Be with him when he sails,
 And in all climes ;
 May he such knowledge gain
 As will fit him to reign,
 O God for him ordain
 Peaceable times.

*Sir Alexandar Bannerman, Governor.

**DESCRIPTION OF ST. JOHN'S WHEN FIRST
SEEN BY THE AUTHOR IN 1849.**

Now eagerly St. John's I view,
 And find I was informed true,
 Some built of stone, and some of wood,
 And some of brick, in aspect good.
 The town it stands on the North side
 Of the harbor, spacious, wide ;
 On the South side is a high hill
 Where you may view the town at will.
 Into the harbor on the West
 Flows a river, and East I guessed
 Stands Signal Hill, well known to all
 Who ever at St. John's did call,
 When all who makes unfriendly calls
 Will be greeted with cannon balls.
 The town is improving quite fast,
 Some buildings long, please God, will last ;
 The " Water Street " is the longest,
 And contain shops the most and best ;
 Of other buildings some are great,
 The monuments of Church and State ;
 And as they are of recent date,
 Something of them I can relate.
 Government House is built of stone,
 A noble builder it does own ;
 Sir Thomas Cochrane is his name,
 A governor whom few can blame ;
 Its south front faces Cochrane Street,
 And overlooks a garden neat ;
 From the north front we may survey
 Houses and farms for a long way ;
 Here guards are stationed night and day
 To protect the Vice-Royalty.

FIRST

The next in order that I view
 Is the Colonial Building new ;
 Built of stone that was imported
 From Scotland ; to this escorted
 Our Governor has often been
 To represent our gracious Queen
 In Parliament. Next I view
 The Court house and Post Office, too ;
 It is one building, built of stone,
 And many men cannot disown,
 But that in it without disgrace
 They oft have seen the judges face ;
 The Custom House in Water Street
 Is built of brick, with stone front neat.
 The schools and hospitals likewise
 Many must see who use their eyes.
 Here some are cured of their disease,
 There some are taught their A.B.C.'s.
 Here some from ignorance emerge,
 And some are dull and get the scourge.
 The Lunatic Asylum see,
 Built by, and for the colony ;
 'Tis built of brick, is clean and large,
 And learned Dr. Stabb has charge ;
 And I must not forget to tell
 That here are garrisons, in which dwell
 Some veterans who have fought and bled
 For England and its crowned head,
 And who for Newfoundland would fight
 If the governor said 'twas right ;
 Fort Townsends guns would roughly greet
 Intruding and unfriendly feet ;
 Fort William's would do the same,
 And John Bull's rights loudly proclaim.

BANKS.

The Savings' Bank was established when I came, the "Commercial" and "Union Bank" of more recent date.

The Banks—first the "Commercial Bank"
 With public buildings high does rank;
 'Tis built of stone and furnished neat,
 E'en to the money changers seat;
 "Union Bank" in the same street
 Contains a vault which is replete.
 With essentials for the safety
 Of the citizens bright money;
 To "Savings' Bank" your money bring
 In the Colonial Building,
 Where you will get good interest;
 Don't spend but save, that's much the best
 And thus provide for rainy day,
 When youth and strength have passed away.



CHURCHES.

In giving a description of the churches I must remark that the Kirk I describe, was standing when I came, having escaped the Fire of 1846 and was burned some years after. St. Thomas' Church also escaped the '46 Fire. The two Cathedrals were building when I came. The other churches are of a more recent date.

Places of worship—first I tell
 About the English Cathedral;
 'Tis built of stone, and in a style
 To suit the clime of this cold Isle.
 The portion called "The Nave" is there,
 The choir and tower they've yet to rear.
 St. John the Baptist is its name,
 The Roman Cathedral the same.
 In Eighteen-hundred, forty four
 Lord Bishop Feild came to this shore;

A faithful Bishop he has been,
 All parts of Newfoundland he's seen.
 In his yacht "Hawk" he yearly went
 Visiting port and settlement.
 At last the "Hawk" and Bishop too
 Too feeble got such work to do ;
 In Eighteen sixty seven he
 A helper got, Bishop Kelly,
 Who was Archdeacon here before
 Of Newfoundland and Labrador.
 Soon Bishop Kelly also found,
 To do such work he was not sound ;
 He then resigned : after awhile
 A Bishop was found for our Isle.
 This Bishop (Jones) is just the man
 To fill the place. Now on the plan
 On which good Bishop Feild began,
 The Cathedral building again
 Commenced, in eighteen and eighty,
 Towards this work the laity,
 Gave very handsome sums I see,
 For which they will rewarded be.
 The Roman Catholic Cathedral,
 Had a good site, and shows quite well.
 Its history I do not know,
 Like those who daily to it go.
 Much stone from Kelly's Isle 'tis said
 Was brought for the Bishop—long dead—
 That Bishop—Fleming—long will be
 Remembered by flock and clergy.
 Much free labour the people gave,
 The next Bishop—now in his grave—
 Good Bishop Mullock laboured hard
 To finish this house of the Lord.
 The present Bishop named Power,

To South and West now makes his tour.
 The North has a Bishop, who lives
 At Harbor Grace, and gives
 Official calls to Labrador
 And to the part called the French Shore.
 And now that Bishop Power is dead,
 A native Bishop is the Head,
 So loved by people and clergy,
 All men respect Bishop Howley.
 He had been Bishop in the West
 Of Newfoundland—his work was blest ;
 Now in his place a man of zeal
 From Nova Scotia named McNeil.
 The "Established Kirk" is built of wood,
 The style is remarkably good ;
 It is about sixty feet long,
 I cannot say that 'tis not strong.
 It is just forty five wide,
 I can say nought of the inside ;
 It has a tower and a spire,
 One hundred and ten feet or higher.
 The first stone of this Kirk 'tis said
 On Monday, May the Eighth was laid.
 Eighteen hundred and forty three,
 (This in the *Ledger* I did see.)
 The free Kirk too is built of wood,
 The workmanship is neat and good.
 The minister Mr. Harvey,
 *Is much esteemed in the city.
 Those who from Wesley take their name
 Had a wood building when I came ;

* This Church was burnt down, and a handsome one built of brick and stone built on the site was burnt in the fire of '92.

*But they have now on the same sight
 One built of brick and of good height.
 And since eighteen and seventy three
 †A large stone building we may see,
 Which they have built well up the town,
 With spire great height up from the ground.
 And now they have on Cochrane Street,
 A wooden church both large and neat.
 The Congregationalists too,
 ‡ Have a building that's quite new.
 Near the Government House there stands,
 Church of "St. Thomas" which commands
 A view of the Narrows and Bay,
 And off to E. S. a long way.
 The Governor and troops go there,
 To worship in this house of prayer.
 "St. Mary's" church on the South Side,
 Is built of stone, tower north side ;
 Towards this church a lady gave
 A Thousand Pounds (now in her grave.)
 Its present Pastor does much good,
 His name is Revd. E. Botwood.
 At River Head a Chapel see,
 For folks in that locality ;
 The Catholics of the west end,
 For their worship do there attend.
 'Tis built of stone and bears the name
 Of Saint Patrick of lasting fame,

* Gower Street burnt in '92 and now rebuilt.

† George Street, escaped the '92 Fire.

‡ This was burnt in the '92 fire, now rebuilt of wood.

For the information of persons residing out of Newfoundland, I have thought proper to give a list of churches, halls, etc., which escaped the fire of 1892, and of those which were destroyed in that fierce conflagration, and then to name those that have been, or are rebuilding.

ESCAPED.—R. C. Cathedral, Palace, College and Nunnery, St. Patricks and Nunnery, St. Mary's, St. Thomas' (Church of England.) Cochrane Street and George Street, (Wesleyan.) Union Bank, Queen's College, Bishop Field College, (Church of England.) New Post Office, Penitentiary, Government House, Colonial Buildings and Hospital, etc

BURNED.—Church of England Cathedral, Rectory and Orphanage. Col. Church and School, Soc. School, Synod Hall and School, St Patricks Hall, British Hall, Victoria Hall, Star of the Sea Hall, Court House, Atheneum, Commercial Rooms, Custom House, Atlantic Hotel, Kirk, Gower Street, (Wesleyan.) Congregational Church, Commercial Bank, Total Abstinence Hall, Temperance Hall, "Telegram" and "Herald" Printing Offices, and nearly all the best shops and stores. Also Wesleyan College and Masonic Hall.

REBUILT.—Transcepts and Chancel of Church of England Cathedral and Rectory, Synod Hall which includes Colonial and Continental Society Schools, etc., St. Patrick's Hall, Victoria Hall, Star of the Sea Hall, Mechanics' Hall, British Hall, Total Abstinence Hall, Temperance Hall, Wesleyan College, etc., Free Masons' Hall, Gower St. Wes. Church, Presbyterian School, "Telegram," "Herald" and "Daily News" Offices, large buildings for lawyers' offices, Atlantic Hotel now sold to Gov't. for Court House and Crown Land offices, "Crosbie Hotel," and a large number of handsome shops and stores and many costly private houses as well as a great many mechanics and labouring peoples houses. There is quite a little town of houses and streets built on what used to be part of the Parade ground wher troops were here. "Fort Townsend" is now a Police Barracks and "Fort William" is now the depot of the Newfoundland Railway, and lastly but not least, a large and handsome brick Presbyterian Church on the site of the ancient wooden Kirk of 1843. New streets have been opened, and some of the old ones widened and straightened, so that in a few years the city will compare favorably with many on this side of the Atlantic.



THE FIRE OF 1892.

Eighth of July in Ninety Two,
A furious fire and strong wind blew ;
Destroyed two thirds of St. John's Town.
From Carter's Hill and Bowring's down,
When Churches, Halls, and Shops also
Of wood, stone, brick, all were laid low.
Many thousands then homeless were
Exposed some time out in the air ;
Till huts and tents had been prepared,
And food and clothes to them were shared,

The people who escaped the fire
 Took in their friends, and rooms did hire,
 But order soon began to reign,
 And building was begun again.
 Let our traducers not forget,
 "There is life in the old land yet."



CANTO. II.

My friends, I now some more will tell,
 About this land in which I dwell.
 When Cabot first this land did view,
 To get near land he had much ado.
 Codfish was then so thick near shore,
 Such times for fish we'll see no more.
 This has been called the land of fog,
 Of fish, of rock, of lake and bog
 'Tis foggy on its Banks 'tis true
 But he who boldly steers on through
 Will never find the fog near shore,
 Now seamen dread our fog no more.
 (I'll speak of codfish by and by,)
 Now of its rocky name I'll try
 To soften something this hard name
 Our crops begins to bring us fame.
 Our vegetables, corn, hay, meat,
 Prove we have soil beneath our feet,
 Our fishermen begin to find
 (If winter long our soil does bind.)
 Compared to *Home* and lands out *West*,
 In the long run their land pays best.
 Around St. John's good crops they grow,
 They plough and sow, they reap and mow,

And North and West in bays 'tis said,
 Some thousands yet could earn their bread.
 The land is good, the timber fine,
 And there are minerals and mine.
 With good water we are supplied,
 From lake and rivers, on whose side
 Grow birch, wych-hazel, and large pine,
 And spruce, fir, juniper, all fine ;
 For church and house, and ship and store,
 And furniture, and casks and door,
 But furniture and casks and doors,
 Are brought here from our neighbours shores.
 This starves our sons, or drives away
 Those who've too much spirit to stay.
 Our people live around the shore,
 But are each year going back more
 As roads are opened, and they know
 That land will pay and crops will grow.
 If lake, and bog, and marsh we've got,
 "Twould be bad if we had them not.
 Roads to the forest we have not,
 And timber here could not be got
 Without the road King Frost does give,
 His road helps the poor man to live.
 Our lakes give trout, our bogs manure
 Which are not yet denied the poor.
 Plenty of deer here roam at will,
 And rabbits which the poor may kill.
 And snipes and partridges abound ;
 Bears, wolves, and foxes too are found ;
 Otters and beavers are here too,
 And rats, yes rats ! their mischief do.
 Of fish, the cod, prolific cod,
 Lives round our coasts, sent here by God ;

By them most people here do live,
 In many ways they work do give ;
 By them and seals the merchants gain
 Their fortunes from England and Spain ;
 Brazil and other foreign ports,
 The sale of them brings our imports.
 Salmon and herring here do thrive,
 With other fish the sea's alive ;
 Lobsters and crabs and mussels too,
 Now for awhile I'll say adieu.



THE SEAL FISHERY.

2nd. Edition.

And now the days are cold and long,
 The native sons with frames so strong,
 Each with his gun, or bat in hand,
 And round his shoulders with a band
 He lashes on his bag of clothes,
 And off to town or city goes.
 Reluctantly the father leaves
 His wife and children for the seas.
 He knows the dangers of the sea,
 And thinks he may them no more see ;
 But such is not the young man's thought,
 He goes to do what he's long sought.
 What pleasant thoughts now fill his mind,
 He thinks of what he may not find ;
 He cuts his plans for years to come,
 And perhaps says, my will be done ;
 Forgetting (as is oft the case,)
 He's going to a wicked place ;
 And that he may no more return,

And if he does, may nothing earn.
 For 'tis much like a lottery,
 Which if he lives no doubt he'll see.
 And now they reach the sailing ports,
 Armed and nerved like Rome's Cohorts ;
 To go to war at the command,
 With gun, or bat, or knife in hand,
 The innocent are slain out there,
 For neither sex nor age they spare ;
 The young they strive most to get at,
 The object of the war is "Fat."
 And this the young seals most supply,
 The fat some years sells very high.
 The first of March at last arrives,
 The ship insured, but not the lives ;
 Near fifteen thousand men are shipped
 On board three hundred ships, equipped
 And well supplied with needful stores,
 To wage the war upon our shores.
 A war which every year occurs,
 And has been waged for fifty years.
 A most remunerative war,
 'Tis money that they go there for.
 But we must not before them go,
 But watch them, winds blow high or low.
 They sail northwards and meet the Ice,
 In fields as large as would suffice
 For battle fields for Europe's men,
 To meet a foe as strong again.
 On this some springs the walking's fair,
 Some springs we'd have no business there.
 For these fields are composed of pans,
 Packed side by side as if by hands.
 And the seams sealed by Father Frost,

Whose bite some men knows to their cost.
 And when like this 'tis very well,
 But not so as I've now to tell.
 When winds blow high and seas roll in,
 The ice breaks up and men fall in ;
 If not their danger's very great,
 At such times each man has his mate ;
 Then watching each other they go,
 Jumping the pans, up high, down low.
 If one falls in his mate's at hand,
 To hook him up on ice island.
 Thus onward with their seals in tow,
 They reach the ship and go below.
 Some bergs near a furlong in length,
 Looking like castles of great strength ;
 In awful grandeur may be seen,
 Ploughing their way o'er ocean's green ;
 Some of them look like lofty spires,
 And turn about as if on wires ;
 And the're unwelcome passers by,
 As in the fog they come too nigh.
 Perhaps you'll say 'tis a strange thing,
 And ask, whence comes the ice each spring ?
 'Tis launched into the Arctic sea,
 And floats southward as you may see ;
 (I mean the bergs,) 'tis on the coast
 Bays and straits, the field ice makes most.
 The seals come with it in thousands,
 When nature calls they mount the pans ;
 And are delivered of their young,
 And 'tis for these the ships have come.
 As soon as seals are seen, you know
 The men are anxious for to go,
 But then perhaps the seals are small ;

If so, they are not fit to haul,
 In a few days they will be fat.
 A seal when small is nicknamed "Cat."
 'Tis probably the men will moor
 The vessel, and try to endure
 The temptations to leave the ship,
 And haul the "Cats" to get a trip.

PART II.

And now we find them at the ice,
 Too oft the scene of sin and vice ;
 Mammon and Satan reign out there,
 Cursing is heard instead of prayer.
 The Sabbath there is desecrated,
 Its abolition meditated.
 There are exceptions it is true,
 Their number is increasing too,
 Where pious masters with the crews,
 Who feel that they have souls to lose,
 Assemble on the Lord's own day
 To hear, to read, to sing and pray.
 But you must not suppose that all
 The vessels are within a call ;
 For some skippers keep the outside,
 Others the centre, some inside
 Of the ice ; whatever part of it
 They make ; if seals are seen, 'tis fit
 To follow them if possible,
 And how they manage I will tell.
 If seals are seen some distance in,
 They'll haul or sail through thick and thin.
 Sometimes fortune, (as they call it,)
 Will cause the ice to crack or split,

And thus open a channel wide.
 Which they enter and there abide
 Until they get their trip, unless
 Seals are scarce, or what will distress,
 They're driven out of it with wind,
 Driven ashore perhaps, or pinned
 In some seamless strip of the ice,
 And kept there while they'd load her thrice,
 What's more, perhaps they won't get clear
 Soon enough to load her this year.
 Others more fortunate perhaps,
 Get into seals without mishaps ;
 Then overboard well armed they spring,
 To some 'twould seem a cruel thing,
 They would say to you, O fie ! O !
 To serve such harmless creatures so.
 But it is their own heart's delight,
 To meet a foe not armed to fight ;
 Though fight some can, for I am told
 An "old dog hood" is very bold,
 That he will break the sealers bats,
 (Seal skins are cured for boots and hats.)
 The "white coats" are the fattest seals,
 When a sealer sees one he deals
 A blow across the poor things nose ;
 If that don't kill he gives more blows.
 Then with his knife from nose to stern,
 He sculps it, this as you must learn
 Is to cut the fat from the flesh,
 (Is the flesh good to eat? O yes.)
 The fat adhering to the skin,
 Is all the men wish to take in.
 Well, having sculped six, less, or more,
 He ties them up, and hauls them o'er

The ice, to the vessel, and there
They're stowed away, layer by layer.
We have supposed the seals to be
In numbers here ; well here you'll see
The ship's crew, perhaps threescore men
Leaving, and returning again,
Their flesh and clothes covered with grease
And blood, while so, they are in peace ;
And eat their food with bloody hands,
Not craving gold of other lands.
We will suppose this one well fished,
That they've as many as they wished ;
Then they will leave for home you know,
And we my friend will elsewhere go.
Perhaps not many miles away,
There's twenty vessels, and that they
Have not a seal, or very few,
Poor men : they know not what to do.
Perhaps they cannot get them clear,
Or else they know not where to steer.
They walk about for miles around,
There is not a seal to be found.
We will leave them, and now perhaps,
We see some who've had more mishaps ;
They've been kept outside of the ice,
And been driven southward twice ;
Have lost a topmast or a yard,
Have lost their spring, and think it hard.
And now perhaps, there comes a calm,
Some hope is left that heals like balm ;
Their spirits now are raised high,
They say, we'll have some by and by ;
They see some seals in the water,
For you must know that every year

After the seals the ice have rode,
 The time wisely ordained by God,
 They leave the ice, take the water,
 For they live in the water, sir.
 The fat is given them to keep
 Them warm while young, and they will sleep,
 And bask themselves in the spring sun,
 To watch their movements is good fun.
 They change the white for a dark coat,
 Hallo! they're hoisting out a boat.
 Now man the boats the skipper cries,
 'Tis done, each man his strength now tries ;
 They row—halt boys, see there is one,
 Down goes an oar, up goes a gun ;
 Bang! there is one thank providence,
 The wish for more is more intense.
 The boats were scattered here and there,
 The number shot that day was fair.
 This is the way that many crews
 Must get their trip, or else must lose
 For the out-fits are very high ;
 So both skippers and men must try
 To get at least a saving trip,
 They must not let the present slip,
 And now we find (keeping our rhyme,)
 That March and April by this time
 Have passed, as months and years pass by,
 And now 'tis not much use to try
 To get a trip, for 'tis too late ;
 And now 'tis time for me to state,
 That the good trips are all gone in,
 And that the seals are getting thin ;
 That they are beating to the North,
 In quest of these some ships go forth.

And this is called the second trip,
They have been and emptied their ship.

PART III.

And now to St. John's we will return,
And when we're there we quickly learn
That some their share of seals have sold,
And have made forty pounds in gold.
That is the share of common men,
The skipper's get as much again
Or more. The merchants at that rate,
Will make thousands, their gain is great.
Some vessels have one, two, three, four
Thousand seals : some few have more.
Indeed 'tis like a lottery,
Where one get seals, there's full twenty,
That don't average a hundred each,
Some men feel thankful if they reach
Their homes with their life, clothes, and health,
Since they've passed dangers, not found wealth. ;
For 'tis some one's lot every year,
To lose life, clothes, vessel or gear.
The fat is now cut from the skins,
The flippers, paws, or the seals fins
Are now anxiously sought by all,
By rich and poor, by great and small.
They make a very dainty dish,
One would scarce think that it is fish.
The fat into large vats is put
To render ; the oil is in impute
In all great manufactories
Such as one in Great Britain sees.
And now the tenth of May is come,
Time for all vessels to come home.

M
Seal-
plove
fisher

The men will sometimes mutinize,
 That is, against the skipper rise.
 If kept at sea after this date,
 Anxiety for home is great.
 As it is time for fishermen
 To fit out for codfish again.
 And now for home each man does hie,
 And now sir, I will say good-bye.

N.B.—My readers will please observe that this poem was written to suit the Seal-Fishery of 40 years ago. Then in many of the Outports the people were employed getting Timber and building and rebuilding vessels in the winter, and every fisherman built one or two boats for sale.



SACRED POETRY.

ADVENT.

Advent begins the Church's year,
 And tells us of Christ's coming near ;
 He whom good men longed to behold,
 Whose coming prophets had foretold.

The Righteous Branch of Jesse's stem,
 And to be born at Bethlehem ;
 He who from David's seed should spring,
 And blessings to all nations bring.

He who should bruise the serpent's head,
 Should preach the gospel, raise the dead ;
 Should make the lame to walk, and give
 His life, that we through Him might live.

O help us Lord to cast away
 The works of darkness day by day,
 And let us daily clothed be
 In Thy defensive panoply.

May we the Church's year begin,
 And all through it may conquer sin ;
 That when He who's our life shall come,
 We may enter His heavenly home.



ADVENT.

Collect.

Almighty God, O give us grace
 That we may cast away,
 The works of darkness, in their place
 Armour of light display.

In Thy armour, O God, clothe us,
 While in this state below,
 In which Thine only Son Jesus,
 To visit us stooped low.

That when He in the last great day,
 Shall come in majesty ;
 To judge the quick and dead, we may
 Rise up and live with Thee.

Through Him who for Eternity,
 With spirit lives and reigns with Thee.
 Amen.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Praise the Lord this happy morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 When He came the world to save,
 From the death beyond the grave.

Praise Him whom the heavenly host,
 To the shepherds at their post,
 Did proclaim as born this day,
 In the stall where cattle lay.

Seek Him whom the shepherds sought,
 Praise Him, praise Him as you ought ;
 Seek Him in His house of prayer,
 Lay before Him all your care.

He will hear and pardon you,
 If your penitence be true ;
 He will to your wants attend,
 He the helpless will defend.

Let your Christmas mirth be joy,
 Such as Christians should enjoy ;
 Not the worldlings sinful mirth,
 Should be yours at Jesu's birth.



THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

This short commandment God did give,
 To make men honest while they live ;
 We must from picking, stealing, keep
 Our hands, while honest neighbors sleep.

Alas ! how little now-a-day,
 Must people think ; who take away
 Their neighbors goods ; that they shall be
 Exposed and judged publicly.

Be sure your sin will find you out,
 God witnesses what you're about ;
 When you break through your neighbor's
 And steal from cellar, shop or store.

You may escape the law of man,
 But from God's law you never can,
 Oh, then leave off to pick and steal,
 And eat an honest earned meal.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

JOHN xx. 29.

When in the flesh Thou here did'st dwell
 But few believed in Thee ;
 Those who could read the Prophets well
 Thy Godhead would not see.

An evil heart of unbelief
 Thy chosen people had ;
 Some poor men and one dying thief
 Believed and were glad.

The Twelve did not the whole believe
 Till Thou did'st die and rise,
 And they the Spirit did receive
 To ope their clouded eyes.

O send Thy Spirit from on high
 To Jews and Gentiles all,
 That they to God may be brought nigh,
 On Jesu's name may call.

May all who have not seen believe
 In Thee, the promised seed ;
 For all who Thee in faith receive
 Shall be blessed indeed,

Dec. 21st, 1873.

"ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD."

Who can describe or teach,
Or who can understand
What they shall have, who reach
That holy, happy land ?

To see the God of love,
And in felicity
To live with him above
To all eternity.

To walk the golden street,
Of which Christ is the light,
And there our friends to meet,
Who can describe the sight ?

Eye hath not seen, nor ear
Such joyful sounds have heard ;
Man can't conceive while here
What is meant by this word.

Lord grant me grace to use
The talents given me,
That so I may not lose
The place prepared by Thee.

The good man's life and end,
Lord, may they both be mine ;
For then I shall ascend
And have that joy Divine.

LINES ON CAROLINE WHITE, WHO WAS
LAME AND DUMB.

Weep not for me my parents dear,
For me you nothing have to fear ;
The Lord has called me, so adieu,
A blessed call for me and you.

On earth I'd not the gift of speech,
Parents nor teachers could me teach,
But now I shall both speak and sing,
And praise my Saviour, God and King.

On earth I could not use my feet,
To go to school, or walk the street ;
But God His mighty power will show,
And give the strength denied below.

On earth I lived only nine years,
In pain myself and causing tears ;
But pain and crying there shall cease,
When I shall see the Prince of Peace.

Then brother, sister, parents dear,
Weep not for me, nor shed one tear ;
But pray to God without delay,
To fit you for the last great day.



EASTER DAY.

"He is not here, He is risen." MARK xvi. 6.

Christ is risen, as he said,
He's no longer with the dead ;
Roman guards have gone away,
Angels sit where Jesus lay.

Holy women spices bring,
To anoint their Lord and King ;
And to them the angels say,
See the place where Jesus lay.

Two apostles also come,
Early to rich Joseph's tomb,
And find as the women said,
He's no longer with the dead.

Jesus rose and so shall we,
He has gained the victory
Over death and over hell,
That we may in heaven dwell.

But if we would heaven see,
We must here from sin be free ;
Crucify each sin and lust,
In His merits only trust.

Lord to us Thy spirit give,
In Thy faith and fear to live,
That wher this short life is o'er,
We may ever Thee adore.

